

PEACE TO BRITAIN,
OR
NO POPISH PRETENDER:

AN
ADDRESS
TO
PROTESTANTS,

Shewing

WHY we should oppose the
PRETENDER;

AND

HOW we may do it effectually.

L O N D O N :

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Friends, Countrymen, Protestants,

MY Design in this small Tract, is to shew you,

First, WHY we should oppose the Pretender. And,

Secondly, HOW we may do it effectually.

To shew you why, I shall offer the following Reasons.

First, Our Duty to God calls for and demands such an Opposition; seeing that, if he carries his *Point*, we shall be obliged to quit the true Religion, and to turn to another that is false, impious, and idolatrous. I am sensible indeed, that to many this will be an Argument of but small Force, because to be lukewarm or indifferent about Religion, is the distinguishing Character of this Age. And hence, in truth, ariseth our Danger. On *their* Side is a Zeal, approaching to Madness, in Favour of the *Pope*, and a *Popish Pretender*: On *ours*, an unaccountable Disregard for every thing that merits our Esteem. They can hardly sleep, out of a Desire to be cutting

ting Throats: We, not without Reluctance awake, to put back the bloody Knife. But when all is done, our Notion of Things will not alter the Nature of them, Religion will still continue to be his Will who made and governs the World; who has promised to raise those that obey it, to a State extremely happy, and that will last for ever; who also has Power to cast Body and Soul into Hell. So that not to have a due Regard for it, is a sure Indication of a wrong-turned Head, or a Mind void of Thought. But should we be so inconsiderate and perverse, as not to submit to the gentle Yoke of Christ; not to bow the Knee to the Almighty; not to list ourselves into that Service which is perfect Freedom; yet one would hope that,

Secondly, Even a Notion of Honour, a Regard to common Sense, a Respect to our Neighbours Good, or, at least, a Concern for our personal Security, Welfare, and Peace of Mind, would excite our Zeal against the Insolence and Fraud of Rome, and rouse a Spirit within us, that would disdain to truckle to an impious foreign Priest, who has, of old, been the Pest of human Society; the Center of Faction and Treason; and Sanctifier of every evil Work. Consider then, my dear Countrymen, what would be the Sentiments of your Soul, should you hear of an Act of Parliament, obliging every grown up Person, to acknowledge a Calf for his Creator, and to worship it with the same Kind and Degree of Worship which he payeth to the Eternal, the Immortal, the Invisible, with the Penalty, that whoever would not fall down and worship that Calf, and openly profess that it was his God, and the Maker of the Universe,



Universe, should forfeit his Estate, have his Goods confiscated, and his Body burnt. The Man who had Religion at Heart, would doubtless suffer every kind of *Torture*, rather than thus debase himself, and the great Author of his Being. And he who was unconcerned about a *Future State*, would yet out of a Principle of Honour, not submit to so horrid an Abuse, without Regret and Indignation. Even the unhappy Contemner of Religion, could not forbear being filled with Anger and Disdain, at the Violence offer'd to his *Reason* and *Understanding* ; nor, if he was not as void of *Humanity* as of *Religion*, could he without Pity and Compassion behold his Friends in the *Hands of the Cruel* ; and his Neighbours, and Acquaintance, and perhaps the Wife of his Bosom, dragged to a *Stake* for not doing, what he himself must allow to be base, and shameful, and a Disgrace to *human Nature*. Now the *Calf*, despicable as it is, would yet be a *God* of some Account, compared with the *Popish Deity*. For *this* is endued with Life and Self-motion ; whereas *theirs* is senseless, and inactive, and unable to defend itself against the Incurfion of a *Mouse* or a *Sparrow*. The intelligent Reader, will by this time understand, that the God I hint at, is what Papists call the *H O S T*, for not adoring which most *abject* of all *Idols*, and owning its *Divinity* ; what Numbers have been committed to the *Flames*, how many thousand Families have been *undone* ? The Particulars of which *Popish God*, and the Way whereby a Man *makes his Maker*, being not understood by every Protestant, I shall assume the Liberty to give a short Account of it.

My

My Reader has no occasion to be informed; that by an Institution of *Jesus Christ*, *Bread* and *Wine* were to be *received, in Remembrance of him*. A Ceremony plain and rational, of little Expence, and no Trouble; suitable and proper for a Memorial; and worthy of him, whose *Yoke is indeed easy, and whose Burden is light*. But this Ordinance, so plain, and of such Simplicity, by the Management of the Pope, and his Slaves, has gone through such a variety of Changes, that the Original seems to be wholly lost: for the Wine the Priest keeps for his own *drinking*; and, instead of *Bread*, these *crafty Italians* have contrived a *Wafer*, which, after many *Crossings*, *Bowings*, *Kissings*, and *boc est Corpus meum* repeated over it, becomes, as they say, the Body, and Blood and Soul of a Man, together with his Divinity. But, gentle Reader, in a clear Summer's Day, at Twelve o'Clock at Noon, do you know, and are you sure, there is a Sun in the Firmament, when you behold its Beauty, and feel its Warmth? With much more Certainty may you be assured, that the Wafer is a Wafer: For that there is a Sun, you see and feel; that the Wafer is a Wafer, you see and feel, and taste and smell. In short, nothing in Nature is more certainly *true*, than that Transubstantiation is a Lye, and that the Wafer is a Wafer, in all respects, the same, as when it came out of the Hands of the Baker. However, with a *Whore's Forehead*, they affirm it is a God. The Priest then having made it such, by saying *boc est Corpus meum*, lifts it up towards Heaven, as a Sacrifice for Quick and Dead, and those in Purgatory: After which he exposeth it to the View of the Congregation,

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as much as to say, *behold your God*; and, that they may take notice, he tinkles a Bell, at the Sound whereof, *they fall down* and *worship the Image which the Priest holds up*. This same God of Flour is carried to the Sick, who, although he sees, smells, feels and tastes it to be a Water; nor has any reason to think it otherwise, but that he imagines the Priest had, some now or other, said over it, *hoc est Corpus meum*: Yet upon such poor Grounds does he give up his Senses, and adore, and eat, and die, in an *Act* of such wretched Idolatry. This God likewise is carried in *Procession* about the Streets with a Bell, to give notice of its august Presence; and all that meet it, whether *Jews* or *Hereticks*, are obliged to shew Respect to it, at the Peril of their Lives.

Stop, gentle Reader, and reflect.

To take Men off from such wicked Fooleries, and to reduce them to Truth and Reason, was the principal Design of *Christ our Lord*; yet such is the Corruption of Mankind, that under the Name of him, who is *the Wisdom of God*, have been propagated *Notions* and *Practices*, more monstrous and senseless, than are to be met with in *Heathen Theology*. To see Kings, Princes, and the chief Men of the Earth, *dangling* about the Streets, in great Solemnity and much Devotion, after a *Piece of Dough*; and adoring that *thing* in a Box, as the Creator of the World, and Lord of all things! What a Contempt does it throw upon the *Christian* Name, how invincibly does it establish the *Jew* in his Prejudices, and what a Bar is it against the Conversion of Nations?

In

In a Treatise of *Cicero's*, an antient Heathen Citizen of *Rome*, we meet with an odd Question, "Do you think, saith * he, any one can be so great a Fool, as to believe that which he eats to be a God?" Yes, *Marcus Cicero*, with what Contempt soever, you, in your Day, might have looked upon such a Set of Men, I do assure you, that the *Holy Roman Catholick Church*, is an Assembly composed, and wholly made up of such egregious FOOLS.

But to set their Guilt in a still stronger Light, I shall place before you, in two opposite Columns, the Idolatry of the Heathen, and that of Papists. That you may be able to behold them at one view, and to pass an unerring Judgment concerning them.

Heathen Idolatry.

Isaiab xlii. 14. He planteth an Ash, and the Rain doth nourish it.

16. He burneth Part thereof in the Fire, he roseth rost and is satisfied.

17. And the Residue thereof he maketh a God; he falleth down unto it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my God.

Popish Idolatry.

He soweth Wheat, and the Rain doth nourish it, Part thereof he grindeth in a Mill, he maketh Bread and is satisfied.

And the Residue thereof he maketh a God, he falleth down unto it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my God.

This Idolatry is as plain as it is silly: And as to the Wickedness of it, it is most manifest, that no apparent Figure, no sensible Likeness, no visible

* Cic. de Nat. Deor. Lib. 3.

visible Form, even of God himself, ought to be worshipped or adored, Deut. iv. *That Idolaters shall not inherit the Kingdom of God*, 1 Cor. vi. 9. *But shall have their Part in the Lake which burneth with Fire and Brimstone*, Rev. xxi. 8. And such, my dear Countrymen, is the Crime, so odious to God, and so destructive of every Principle of *Faith, Knowledge, and Certainty*, which we shall be oblig'd to submit to, if we oppose not, with all our Might, the wicked Attempts of a Popish Pretender. I would not have you to think, that the Idolatry of the Church of *Rome* is confined to one Particular; it is indeed guilty in many respects, but it can confound the ignorant in other Cases, by *Terms of Art*, and Words without Meaning; but in this, they have no possible way to escape. It is determined by the Authority of the *infallible Church*, that they must worship *what they see*; for that a *Sacrament* is an *Object of Sense*, and that the *Sacrament ought to be adored*, are the express Words of the Council of *Trent*. Let it suffice only to mention the Nonsense of, *Hail, Mary!* and the *Fable of Purgatory*; nor shall I enlarge upon confessing your Sins to a Priest, Prayers in an unknown Tongue, calling upon Saints and Angels, Veneration of Rags and Bones, called Reliques, praying to or before Images, Pictures, &c. but shall proceed to a

Third Reason, why we should oppose the Pretender, and that is out of a Principle of Gratitude: It ought to fire our Resentment, that this unnatural Rebellion has been raised against a Prince, as little liable to Censure, as any one that ever sat upon the Throne of these Kingdoms; a

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Prince,

Prince, who, in a *general* Assembly of his People, might, with an Assurance which Innocency only gives, demand of them, Man by Man, Whom have I injured? Whom have I oppressed? An Hair of whose Head hath fallen to the Ground by my means, or by my direction, whom the Laws have not condemned? Have I encroached upon the Civil or Religious Rights of my People in any respect? Have the Laws been infringed in any Instance? No. To desert therefore the Prince of our Choice, and the Elect of God, after so long an Experience of his *mild and gentle* *Reign* over us; and to deliver our *Laws, Religion, and Lives*, into the *Hands of those that hate us*, who are at the same time, the most remarkable for *Cruelty*, and a *Thirst for Blood*, of any People upon Earth, would shew such a Degree of Madness, Cowardise, Stupidity, Baseness, and Infatuation, as is not to be met with in any History. Think in Time, my Friends, and *shew yourselves Men*. Now the Cruelty of these *Barbarians* is the

Last Reason I shall insist upon, for our opposing this Popish Disturber of our Peace and Happiness; which Cruelty, to describe at large, would require as many Volumes as would fill a Library. Let it suffice only to give you two or three Instances, as a Sort of Specimen, whereby to judge of the rest.

When *Philip II. of Spain* was told by one of his Ministers, that his Severity would hazard him the Loss of all the *Low Countries*, he replied, “*I would rather be deprived of all my Dominions, than peaceably possess them with Heresy.*” The same excellent *Papist*, but most *sad Christian*,
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landing in *Spain* with great Difficulty after a Storm, in which most of his Fleet perished, gave out, that his Person had been spared, by the peculiar Care of Heaven, to the end that he might promote the Glory of God, by the Extirpation of *Herefy*. In the way of Gratitude therefore, for so signal a Favour, upon his Arrival at *Seville*, he caused thirteen Ladies of the first Quality to be burnt. From hence, going to *Validolid*, he caused twenty-eight of the prime Nobility to be burn'd in his Presence. And, in the *Netherlands*, only, on Account of Religion, are supposed to have suffered, no less than 100,000, by the Means of this exemplary *Catholick* and his Agents. I shall now leave *Philip*, and come to his pious Wife, our *Bloody Queen Mary*. A Woman so well inclined, that under her Shadow might any People have been safe, had she not been a Papist. A Woman so desirous to please God, that being told she wasted the Crown Lands, by returning to the Church what she possessed, that had belonged to it; she made Answer, that she preferred her Soul's Health before all the World's Good. But what did all these good Qualities amount to, directed by such a Religion? Why, though she was Queen of a Protestant Country, and at a Time when Protestants had a Zeal for Religion; yet, in about five Years, she found means to subject her Kingdoms to the Pope, to repeal all Laws made in favour of the true Religion, and to reconcile her People to the Superstition and Idolatry of Rome; and, for her Soul's Health, to commit to the Flames five Bishops, twenty-one Clergymen, eight Gentlemen, twenty-four Artificers, an hundred Husbandmen, Ser-

vants and Labourers, twenty-six Wives, twenty Widows, nine Virgins, two Boys, and two Infants. And yet this Woman, *Black* and *Fell*, and *Cruel* as she was, had *England* for the Place of her Birth; had her Education there; had never been at *Rome*; had not been supported by the Pope; had not imbibed the Perfidy and Vengeance peculiar to the *Italians*; had never been *abjured* by the *English*; never been *personally disobliged*; nor had a greater *Zeal* for *Popery*, than He who now sets up to rule over us. To the *Wise* a Word is sufficient; I therefore only just hint at things, and leave you to reflect upon them at your Leisure.

To sum up the whole in a few Words. If we have any regard to that natural Homage and Obedience we owe to the Author of our Beings, and the Preserver of our Lives; any Concern for our Neighbours Good, or our own Security and Ease; if there is in us any Principle of Honour, Gratitude, or Humanity, we shall continue unalterable in our Faith and Allegiance to his Majesty KING GEORGE, and to detest and abhor, to oppose and to fight against, the Pretender and his Adherents. Seeing that the Consequence, the necessary and unavoidable Consequence of his Dominion over us, will be an Apostacy from the Truths of God, as taught by Christ Jesus our Lord. A locking up of the Holy Scriptures. Most manifest and damnable Idolatry. The most abject Slavery of Body and Mind. And an exposing ourselves to the Mercies of Men, who are without Bowels; of Men, whose Cruelty, should it please God, in his Anger, to deliver us up to it, will, without all manner of doubt, be so exquisite, and of such various

Sorts, as will, in future Ages, make the *Ears of those that bear* of it to tingle. For Rome has *Plagues* an *English* Protestant is unacquainted with; to *Stab*, to *Poison*, and to *Burn*, are some of the easiest Methods she makes use of to remove her Adversaries.

To her the Matron's and the Virgin's Cries,
The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murder'd Men are Musick.

Having thus shewn you Why we should oppose the Pretender, I now proceed to put you in a Method, How it may be done effectually.

This then you may depend upon as a certain and most infallible Truth, whatever you may think of the Matter; *That except the Lord keep the City, the Watchman waketh but in vain.* Let it then be our first Endeavour, to obtain his Favour and Protection. In order to which, *Let us search and try our Ways*; lament sorely our numberless Transgressions; most humbly implore Pardon; resolutely determine, by the Grace of God, to leave our Sins and to turn unto the Lord with all our Hearts, Minds, and Strength. *And when we thus come every Man to know his own SORE, and his own Grief*, the Almighty God will heal us, and *though our Enemies should besiege us in the Cities of our Land, the Lord will bear and will deliver us.* Let it then be our first and principal Care to make *God* our Friend; after which, let us, with one Consent, join *Hands*, and *Hearts*, and *Purses*, in Defence of the Person and Government of our gracious Sovereign KING GEORGE, and in Maintenance of the

the Laws, our Lives, and our Religion. And let there be no other Contest among Protestants, but who shall be most warm, zealous and affectionate in the Pursuit of so good a Work. Let us finally, my dear Countrymen and Fellow-Protestants, be steady, and united, and of good Courage: and with an upright and sincere Heart, *turn unto the Lord our God*, and then we need not be afraid, but that he will *turn unto us*, and let *us see our Desire upon our Enemies*. For where Unity and Virtue flourish, Rome has no Power. It has indeed frequently been the *Scourge of God*, but seldom, if ever, upon whole Nations, which have not brought it upon themselves, by *holding the Truth in Unrighteousness*. I shall take my Leave with the following Lines.

Remember him, the *Villain*, righteous Heaven,
In this great Day of Vengeance: Blast the *Traitor*
And his pernicious Counsels, who for Wealth,
For Power, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,
Would plunge his *native Land* in *civil Wars*.
Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
When, like a Matron butcher'd by her Sons,
And cast beside some common Way, a Spectacle
Of Horror and Affright to Passers by,
Our groaning Country bled at every Vein?
When *Murders*, *Rapes*, and *Massacres* prevail'd,
And Desolation cover'd all the Land.
Who can remember this, and not like me
Here *vow* to sheath a *Dagger* in his Heart,
Whose cruel Ambition would renew these Horrors,
And set, once more, that Scene of Blood before us?

F I N I S.



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